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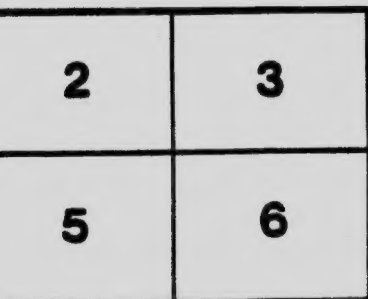
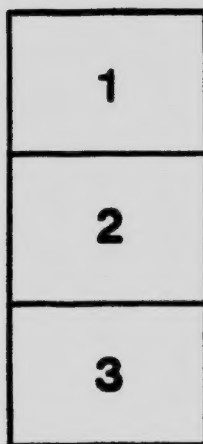
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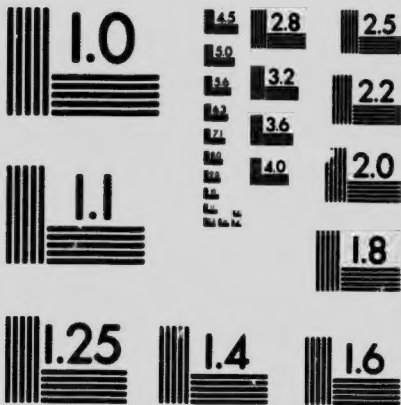
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MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

Ode on the Burial of Queen Victoria.

THIRD EDITION.

BY GEORGE WHITFIELD GROTE

I.

O Dane and Norman, Celt and Saxon send
A nation's heart to Osborne in this hour.
Here all these sunny walks and velvet lawns,
These groves and sylvan glades, and towers and rocks,
These violet-purple clouds and scudding sails,
These halls and happy haunts, shall no more know
The step, the touch, the gladness, or the voice
Of her who loved this breezy islet home.
Home! Every Briton held his heart her home,
And Britons bend but to the will of God.

II.

Now bending thus, they bring the body out,
The Royal body borne by loving hands
Of Northern men, the stalwart Highlanders,
Brought from Balmoral's royal purpling hills—
That Scottish homeland of proud Scotland's Queen.
Her pipers wail a Highlander's lament,
And outward to the ships all hearts are turned.
As may the body of a soldier go,
Lulled by the muffled rolling of the drums,
In calm repose enfolded in the flag,
Upon the rumbling gun to glorious rest,
Thus honoured may a soldier's daughter be;
So goes the Royal corse upon a gun,
Voicing the spirit of a warlike race,
A peace-compelling race of fighting men.

III.

Across the Solent on this radiant morn,
From Trinity to Gosport, widely ranged,
The battleships of England stately stand,
Instruments of Empire, emblems of strength;
And, if aught earthy of the earth may mourn,
So may, this day, these monarchs of the sea
Their voices to the muffled drums attune;

Softly the silence into music breaks
And the soul rises on the funeral wings
Of the slow-moving tuneful melody ;
Nearer and nearer, louder and more loud,
Yet all divinely the sweet cadence comes,
Wafting the hearer to the heavenly gates ;
The muffled drums drive out the world of woe,
All hearts resigned to the divine decree ;
The great Queen hears her heavenly Father's call,
And to her nation makes her last review,
And each saluting battleship, in turn,
Lifts up a far-resounding mighty voice—
A voice of harmonizing loud lament.

VI.

To the safe port the trim *Alberta* turns
And Portsmouth loudly opens wide the way
And in a voice of thunder shakes the world ;
The great *Majestic* loudly speaks again,
And every shore reverberates the call,
And breathes the fame and name—immortal name—
Of Nelson and his flagship *Victory*,
Trafalgar Bay recalling once again.
And memory reverts to Nelson's days,
When foes were wont to lock their "wooden walls"
To "wooden walls" while, in a seething mass,
From hold to topmost deck, the battle raged,
Till Neptune cast his trident o'er the sea
And, lashing the huge waves to mountain peaks
Drave all down to the caverns of the deep.

VII.

Nor are these far-reverberating shores
Content to speak but of the far-off past ;
Nay, but they speak more of Victoria,
They mark the close of the Victorian Age,
While the great ships in a long, last farewell,
Mingle their sorrow in a song of praise ;
And, as if touched with a great sorrow too,
The lambent sun in seeming sympathy
Bends luminous and low and casts his gold
And the effuigent lustre of his ray
Down at the feet of majesty and on
The crown of gold and sinks into the night.
The shadows fall and every voice is hushed,
The royal craft casts anchor "till the moon,
"Rising in clouded majesty, at length
"Apparent queen unveils her peerless light
"And o'er the dark her silver mantle throws."

And, if aught earthy of the earth may mourn,
So may, this day, these monarchs of the sea
Their voices to the muffled drums attune ;
And, even as the lustrous orb of day
Dispels the mists of morning in his course,
Distilling all the dewdrops into banks
Of harmonizing colors in the clouds
And breaking up the shadows as he goes ;
So may each far-resounding mighty voice
Some gloom from out this lasting day dispel,
Break some discordant shadow from the heart,
Distil to distant music every dirge
And harmonize some shade of heaviness
To all the stillness of the voice of hope.
Lo! where the sun up to the zenith climbs,
Stilling to summer air the winter wind
And mirroring the blue ethereal vault
Upon the shimmering waveless vast expanse !
O fitting day for restful solemn calm,
O gracious gift of a propitious God !

IV.

Entering the Solent, out from the shore
Of the little island, proudly and trim
The Royal barque stands forward to the fleet,
Bearing in lofty state her precious charge ;
The brilliant sun gleams on the catafalque
The white pall and the cross of cloth of gold,
Gleams on the sceptre and the orbs and crowns
And on the four floral emblems of hope,
And a low requiem in a last adieu
Floats from the holm oaks planted by the Queen—
Floats from the holm oaks of her islet home.

V.

Far out in rare and ever-changing hues,
Voicing the feeling of the firmament,
The lulling waters luminously rest,
And, calmly resting, lap the listless prows ;
England awaits—and all the world awaits—
The majesty and calmness of the hour ;
The black, steel battlements of England sleep
And Peace o'er every nation waves her wand.
O may sweet peace be lasting and prevail !

" Apparent Queen unveils her peerless light
" And o'er the dark her silver mantle throws."

VIII.

Great London for her widowed Mother waits,
And all the mighty roar of London rests.
Here centred sixty years of gentle rule ;
Here was the mighty monarch's home of homes ;
The palaces where her forefathers dwelt
Were here ; here was she wedded, and here crowned ;
Here were the great achievements of her reign ;
Here were her great and greater jubilees.
And here—surrounded by a countless throng,
Embodying a loyal people's grief—
Attended by a retinue of kings,
And followed by her glittering regiments,
And guarded by her hardy volunteers,
The Mother of the mourning nation goes
Forth to her long home by the Castle walls,
That home, the portals whereof bear her words,
Inscribed :—" With thee in Christ I shall arise,"
That home wherein love, swinging wide the door,
Welcomes his bride, and Queen and Consort rest ;
Whence they shall come forth to be crowned with life.
Long may Victoria defend our cause
In spirit ; and in happy memory
Hold in her heart of hearts her people's love,
And let some portion of her spirit fall
First, upon her noble son great Edward,
And ever after on this mighty realm.

IX.

Hedged by no more than just divinity,
Guarding and limiting the Royal right
To the high plain of lasting precedent,
The good Queen " wrought her people lasting good."
Her throne " broad-based upon her people's will,"
Victoria ruled in England's love supreme,
And builded, by her fourscore years of life,
" A monument more durable than brass,
" Which not the Northern blast, nor cycling years,
" And not the flight of seasons, can destroy."

